God saue King *Harry*, vnkingd *Richard* sayes,
And send him many yeeres of Sun-shine dayes.
What more remaines?

North. No more, but that you read
These accusations, and these grecuous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the State and profit of this Land;
That by confessing them, the soules of men
May deeme that you are worthily deposde.

Rich. Must I doe so? and must I rauell out
My weaued vp Folly, gentle *Northumberland?*
If thy offences were vpon record,
Would it not shame thee in so faire a troope,
To read a lecture of them, if thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou finde one haynous article,
Contayning the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong warrant of an Oath,
Markt with a blot, damd in the booke of heauen:
Nay of you that stand and looke vpon,
Whilst that my wretchednesse doth bate my selfe;
Though some of you (with *Pilat*) wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie; yet you *Pilates*,
Haue heere deliuer me to my sowre Crosse,
And water can not wash away your sinne.

North. My Lord dispatch, read ore these Articles.

Rich. Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blindes them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traytors heere:
Nay, if I turne mine eyes vpon my selfe,
I find my selfe a Traytor with the rest;
For I haue giuen heere my soules consent
To vndecke the pompous body of a King;
Made Glory base, and Soueraigntie a slaue;
Proud Maiestie a subiect, State a peasant.

North. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no mans Lord; I haue no name, no title,

No not that name was giuen me at the Font,
But tis vsurpt; alacke the heauie day
That I haue worne so many Winters out,
And know not now, what name to call my selfe.
O that I were a mockerie King of Snow,
Standing before the sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my selfe away in water drops.
Good King, great King; and yet not greatly good:
And if my name be starling, yet in Englang
Let it commaund a mirour hether strayte
That it may shew me what a face I haue,
Since it is bankrout of his Maiestie.

Bull. Goe some of you and fetch a Looking-glasse.

North. Read ore this paper while the Glasse doth come.

Rich. Feind, thou torments me ere I come to Hell.

Bull. Vrge it no more my Lord Northumberland.

North. The Commons will not then be satisfied.

Rich. They shall be satisfied, Ile read enough,
When I do see the very Booke indeed,
Where all my sinnes are writ, and that's my selfe.
Giue me the Glasse: no deeper wrinckles yet?
Hath Sorrow stroke so many blowes vpon this
Face of mine, and made no deeper wounides?
Oh flattering Glasse, like to my followers in prosperitie!
Was this the face that euery day vnder his
Housshould roofe did keepe ten thousand men?
Was this the face that faast so many follies,
And was at last outfaast by *Bullingbrooke?*
A brittle Glorie shineth in this face,
As brittle as the Glorie is the face,
For there it is crackt in a hundred shiuers:
Marke silent King the morall of this sport,
How soone my sorrow hath destroyde my face.

Bull. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyd
The shadow of your face.

Rich. Say that againe: the shadow of my sorrow;
Ha lets see: tis very true, my griefe

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